

MRS. TAYLOR IS FOUND GUILTY.

Jury Brings in Verdict of Murder in the First Degree Against Woman Charged with Killing Her Husband.

PRISONER LOSES HER NERVE.

Defiant Air She Assumed During the Trial Disappeared and She Went Back to Jail to Pray—Accused of Chopping Up Victim's Body.

MONTICELLO, N. Y., May 29.—Mrs. Kate Taylor was today found guilty of murder in the first degree for killing her husband, Lafayette Taylor.

The jury, which had been locked up over night, was ready with the verdict before court opened, and the first-degree decision they reached was not a surprise to anybody, as the evidence offered at the trial was direct on the point that Mrs. Taylor had killed her husband and buried his body.

Mrs. Taylor was mainly apprehensive of the result. When brought into court her appearance and demeanor were in striking contrast to her general bearing during the trial.

Her eyes were red and sunken and her face drawn in anxious lines. She regarded the jury askance as though fearful of their decision.

When ordered to stand, she found it necessary to support herself by leaning her hands on a table in front of her. All the vindictive bravado which had characterized her actions was gone and she seemed utterly broken.

As the foreman pronounced the verdict of guilty Mrs. Taylor covered her face with her handkerchief and sank into her seat.

Thus she sat during the subsequent proceedings, and as she was taken back to jail she still shielded her face and walked with bowed head.

Mrs. Taylor's counsel will appeal the case.

Waited All Night.

There was a throng about the court all night, and when at 7 o'clock the jury announced that it was ready with a verdict and the doors were thrown open the crowd pushed in and jammed the place in a few minutes. Hundreds of others who could not get in packed the corridors and streets about the court-house.

A deputy sheriff was hastily sent to the Hotel Rockwell, where Judge Howard was notified. The judge ordered that the town bell be rung at precisely 8 o'clock, in order that all might know that the verdict had been reached. Judge Howard then went directly to the court-room, where he conferred with the jurors.

Special arrangements have been made with the telephone and telephone companies to flash the verdict to all villages in Sullivan County. Men waited in front of the court-house with their horses saddled and bridled all ready at a moment's notice to gallop through such sections of the wild country as are not reached by telephone.

Heard Her Fate.

When the judge had taken his seat the usual question as to whether the jury had reached a verdict was asked. The foreman answered in the affirmative. Then came the question, "What say you, guilty or not guilty?" to which the foreman replied:

"We the jury find the defendant, Mrs. Kate Taylor, guilty of murder in the first degree as charged in the indictment."

Es-Judge Smith and John D. Lyons, who defended Mrs. Taylor, stood on either side of her and spoke encouragingly to the prisoner, but she gave no sign that she heard them, more than a slight motion of the head, she burying her face in her handkerchief and resuming her seat like one crushed.

Women Sympathetic.

The greater majority of those present in the crowd were women. They had been found in their hundreds about the accused woman all during the night and had argued that the jury could not return any other verdict than that of guilty, yet when the town bell began tolling the whole tone of these women changed as if by magic, and instead of being clamorous for the life of Kate Taylor a wave of sympathy swept over the crowd and instead of argumentative discord there was nothing heard save the sobbing of the women as they stood about in little groups in the court-house.

Mrs. Taylor on being taken back to her cell immediately began to pray.

Chopped Up Body.

Mrs. Taylor was arrested and lodged in jail at Monticello on Feb. 8 charged with having killed her husband on Tuesday, Jan. 27, by shooting him in the back with a revolver.

According to the confession of her sixteen-year-old daughter, Ida May Taylor, the woman afterward dismembered the body and put it in the cook stove. It was said that afterward she threw the charred bones into the chicken yard.

Two weeks afterward the disappearance of Taylor began to excite comment. Mrs. Taylor told neighbors that her husband had gone over the mountain on business. When trying to make a deal with Peter Perkins, her uncle, Mrs. Taylor was forced into a confession that she had killed her husband and burned his body.

WOMAN WHO KILLED HUSBAND DECLARED GUILTY OF MURDER.



ADMIRE PHOTO, WEDS ORIGINAL. MARIE BARBERI IN COURT AGAIN

A Romance Which Stretched Across the American Continent from New Jersey to California.

A happy ending to a pretty romance has just been announced at Bloomfield, N. J. Mr. and Mrs. Van Ness, the latter a daughter of Mrs. Mary Freeman, of that town, went several months ago to live at Los Angeles, Cal. While there Burrell Merrell, a prosperous builder of the place, made his home with them and before long became as one of the family.

He was often seen to look with interest at a picture of Miss Jennie Freeman, Mrs. Van Ness's sister, which hung in the parlor. Mrs. Van Ness jokingly spoke to him one day about the picture. At first Merrell laughed, but finally admitted that although he had never seen the original, he had fallen in love with her picture. He begged Mrs. Van Ness to use her influence with her sister in his behalf. She lightly treated the matter, but he persisted, and finally won a promise from her, after her husband had decided to return East, that she would try to induce her sister to correspond with him.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Ness arrived a few months ago in New Jersey and settled in Mendham. Miss Jennie was a frequent visitor at their home. In time Mrs. Van Ness secured a promise from her sister that she would reply to a letter from her unknown admirer. This was quickly forthcoming and, the ice being broken, the waters of communication flowed unimpeded.

Announcement was recently made of the engagement of Miss Freeman to Merrell, and according to an arrangement with her fiancé Miss Jennie started for Los Angeles. Upon her arrival at her destination she was met by Merrell and his sister and without further delay they were married.

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The Great Hesper Romance of Love, Peril and Treasure. By FRANK BARRETT.

Will begin in Monday's Evening World Home Magazine and will end Saturday.

DEAF, BUT EVERABLE TO SUE IN ARSON CASE.

Mrs. Havens Kills Herself with Poison at Twenty-two. Although of Striking Appearance and an Heiress-to-Be.

MARRIED AT SEVENTEEN.

Her Mother-in-Law Says She Is Not Surprised that She Committed Suicide, and Adds that She Had Been Drinking to Excess.

When the coroner's office took charge of the body of a suicide, Mrs. Ella Havens, in her mother's home, at No. 17 West Sixty-seventh street, to-day, a story was told of how a family had been broken up by excessive drinking and how she had sought relief in death.

Mrs. Havens swallowed about two ounces of carbolic acid late last night and to all inquiries by the police and others her relatives would say nothing except that she had committed suicide by drinking acid.

The dead woman was twenty-two years old, remarkably pretty, and her mother, Mrs. B. K. Havens, a wealthy woman, the apartment-house in which she lives, besides other valuable property. When Mrs. Havens was seventeen years old she was married to her first husband, but it is said they did not agree and she secured a divorce. A year ago she was married to Floyd Havens, of her own age, who lives with his mother at No. 330 Seventh avenue.

Mrs. Kennedy went to Europe last winter and while she was away Havens and his wife went to live with his mother. Mrs. Havens attended to her mother's business while she was absent, collecting the rents and handling all the money. When the elder Mrs. Havens was seen to-day, she expressed no surprise that her daughter-in-law had killed herself. She said:

"When her mother returned from Italy last Monday I had to put my son's wife out of the house. While here she drank excessively, coming home very often while intoxicated. My son and myself remonstrated with her repeatedly and she would promise to do better, but it was useless. I believe she could not help it. But I got so bad that when her mother came back from Italy I told the young woman that if she must drink she would have to do her drinking in her mother's home, not in mine."

"Since Monday we have not seen her nor have we heard from her. Under the circumstances I do not believe my son will take any interest in the funeral arrangements. He is a clerk in a real estate office."

Neighbors in the Kennedy apartments circulated a rumor that young Mrs. Havens quarreled with her mother and besides that she was not on good terms with her husband.

The first known of the suicide was when a servant of the Kennedys, who held called Dr. Wm. Nooy of No. 146 West Sixty-fourth street. He found the young woman on a sofa, the beauty of her face seared by the acid. He called an ambulance from Roosevelt Hospital, but when it arrived the young woman was dead.

Mrs. Havens was in a convent until she was seventeen years old, when she was married. With her first husband she went to Germany, where she studied music for two years, and then returned to this country.

Was Not the Man.

"The newdealer and other witnesses who saw the man running were positive it was not Everard. As the man they saw had a mustache, I then accompanied Everard back to his uncle's saloon and allowed him to go free."

"Why did you suspect Everard?"

"I saw the man two years ago on a charge of arson, for which he was indicted but not tried," replied the detective. "He was accused of setting fire to a house in Madison avenue near One Hundred and Thirty-fourth street, and it was thought in the Fire Marshal's office that he might have something to do with this fire. I do not believe now that he's the man."

"I would have had personal satisfaction, and taken the consequences if they had let me alone. It is a case of blackmail. Two years ago this same man arrested my son on a charge of arson, and he was released because he was entirely innocent."

All the Everards put upon their family the ignominy of having a man charged with arson, for which he was indicted but not tried, replied the detective. "He was accused of setting fire to a house in Madison avenue near One Hundred and Thirty-fourth street, and it was thought in the Fire Marshal's office that he might have something to do with this fire. I do not believe now that he's the man."

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GEORGIAN COURT'S DESIGNER DEAD.

Bruce Price Passes Away in Paris and Body Is to Be Brought Here by Widow.



PARIS, May 30.—Arrangements are being made to take the body of Bruce Price, the American architect, back to New York. He died in his apartments in the Hotel de la Tremolle. His wife and daughter were at the bedside.

Mr. Price was one of the best known architects in New York. President of the Architectural Society of America and a member of many clubs. He was the senior member of the firm of Bruce Price & Co. in New York.

He was operated on in March for a disease of the stomach by Dr. McBurney in the New York Hospital. It was thought that he was recovering and that a rest abroad would complete the cure. He came to Paris with his wife six weeks ago, his daughter, Mrs. Edward M. Post, having arrived for his comfort.

He designed the new twenty-story skyscraper in the new building, the fourteenth-story building of the North American Trust Company, and the St. James Hotel, a sixteen-story structure which cost \$1,200,000. He also designed George Gould's \$1,000,000 residence at Georgian Court, Lockwood, the Hunt Memorial in Central Park, the Long Beach Hotel, and the Chateau Frontenac at Quebec.

CROWDS HELD UP ON BRIDGE.

Despite the Guards Many Passengers Did an Acrobatic Act and Climbed Through Lattice-Work to the Carriage-Way.

For twelve minutes to-day a half dozen elevated and bridge trains were held up on the Brooklyn bridge while passengers, for the most part, persons anxious to make trains and get out of town, fumed at the delay.

The accident that caused the blockade was the failure of a Brighton Beach train of six cars to round the curve leading to the platform on the New York side. The first car, a big motor, stuck at the curve, the rear trucks refusing to take it, and the train was brought to a standstill. Persons in the forward cars, after a wait of a few minutes, insisted upon alighting, and some of the most athletic managed to do so, in spite of the protests of the guards.

Those in the rear cars made a protest and insisted upon being permitted to climb through the lattice work of the structure to the carriage way. Guards held all the gates and explained that the workmen endeavoring to fix the tracks might be through at any minute, and should the train be started a mortal accident might follow.

Men with dark suit cases and golf sticks, swearing they had trains to catch in Jersey, refused to heed the advice, and made the climb.

While the argument was going on in the first train was being run on the structure from Brooklyn. It being a holiday the rule that applies in the rush hours was not in force, and in a few minutes the track was filled with trains.

In the center of the bridge the order to prevent passengers from climbing to the carriage way through the lattice work had to be enforced by main strength. On the third train was a ball team anxious to get a train to Mount Vernon. After a wait of five minutes the young fellows became impatient and held a consultation. They went to the rear of the train and after one of them had made the climb to the carriage way the others threw their baggage to him and the team with a half dozen friends followed.

Embarrassed by the success of the ball team others escaped in the same manner and boarded trolley cars for Manhattan.

After twelve minutes the truck was fixed and the trains were run into the station, the first one getting to a Manhattan side a few minutes before 9 o'clock.

During the blockade no trains could be sent out from Manhattan and crowds bound for Long Island were forced to use the trolley lines.

MRS. WOODRUFF IS SERIOUSLY ILL.

Wife of Lieutenant-Governor is at Their Adirondack Camp Suffering from Nervous Prostration.

Mrs. Timothy L. Woodruff, wife of the former Lieutenant-Governor, is seriously ill in the Adirondacks from nervous prostration. Word to that effect has been sent to this city by Mr. Woodruff, who is devotedly nursing her.

Mr. Woodruff took his wife to their mountain camp from Saratoga last week in the hope that her condition would be improved by the change of air, but instead it has grown worse, and the friends of the Woodruffs are seriously concerned about her.

Mrs. Woodruff has been her husband's constant companion and adviser in all of his political campaigns. She has frequently attributed to her influence all of his successes in politics. She formerly was Miss Cora Eastman, a Poughkeepsie belle. As the wife of the Lieutenant-Governor, she entertained lavishly at Albany, and her social success elsewhere has been pronounced.

On several occasions Mr. and Mrs. Woodruff have been entertained by royalty when abroad. Recently they moved from Brooklyn to Manhattan, but owing to Mrs. Woodruff's ill-health they have been in town very little for the past few months.

Camp Kill Kare, in the Adirondacks, has been the scene of many a merry party of guests. It is situated on the banks of Lake Umbagog, named after Mrs. Woodruff, and is ideally located.

KING EDWARD'S FRIEND KILLED.

Capt. Sir Edward Henry Hulse, Who Gave Britain's Ruler Counters Used in Tranby Croft Baccarat, Shot Dead.

PRESS CENSOR IN TRANSVAAL

Found a Corpse in His Home at Johannesburg, Victim of Shooting—Mystery in the Affair, Officials Declining to Give Details.

JOHANNESBURG, Transvaal, May 30.—Capt. Sir Edward Henry Hulse, who was press censor during the latter part of the South African war, was found shot dead in the bedroom of his residence here to-day.

Capt. Hulse was a friend of King Edward, to whom he presented the set of counters used in playing baccarat on the occasion of the notorious scandal at Tranby Croft, near Hull.

There is a mystery in the shooting, the officials being reticent. It is not known whether Capt. Hulse was assassinated or shot himself.

FRANK SMITH THE MAN WHO DROWNED?

Capt. Nelson Thinks He Is the One Who Jumped from the Steamer Marlborough.

The middle-aged man who leaped from the steamer Marlborough into the North River at the foot of Ninety-third street last night is believed by Capt. Henry Nelson, of the steamerboat Christina, to have been Frank Smith, of Marlboro, N. Y., who, until two weeks ago, was a dockhand on the Christina. When the description of the suicide was given by a World reporter Capt. Nelson said:

"I know the man. He was Frank Smith, and until two weeks ago he worked on this steamer. His home is at Marlboro, and I believe he has a family there, although I am not sure."

"When the Christina was in the city two weeks ago he left the boat, saying he would return in the evening, but he did not come back. He had his pay for three weeks in his pocket."

SEEK MAN WITH SAD NEWS.

Mr. Miller's Brother Is Dead and Friends Wish to Tell Him.

Inspector McCusky received a telegram from the Chief of Police of Chattanooga, Tenn., asking him to find J. C. Miller, a wealthy business man of that city, whose brother was killed yesterday. Mr. Miller came to New York several days ago and is probably staying at some Broadway hotel. Inspector McCusky sent out one of his men, but the Southern man has not yet been found.

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This should appeal to automobile agents, confectioners, clothiers, ice cream manufacturers, laundrymen and others. Bids will be received for one or more. Address for particulars W. R. GOLDING, Box 196, New York World.

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Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes tight or new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. 30,000 testimonials. Try it to-day. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept a substitute. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N.Y.

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